Electric Discharges Photographed.

publishes the pictures herewith repro-

duced from plates in a sumptuous

work on "electric movement in air and

water," wirtten by Lord Armstrong.

They are considered the most striking

photographs of electric phenomena ever contributed to science. He uses

the unimpeachable evidence of photo-

graphy to furnish an answer to the

question, "What is Electricity?" Sof-

fice it to state that though an immense

amount of knowledge of the laws

which govern electrical phenomena

has been accumulated, no existing

theory of the nature of electricity is

completely satisfactory—there is no

settled opinion as to what electricity

actually is. From Lord Armstrong's

photographs, however, a theory may

be deduced which altogether does away

with the old idea that electricity is

fluid. The pictures show the electric

streams when the two opposite dis-

charging discs were brought near to

one another. The radiation from the

positive disc is seen to be much

the same on the outer side, but on the

inner side the rays are drawn towards

the negative disc and consolidate into

thicker lines. The illustration also

shows clearly that the discharge has

different characteristics at the two

under different conditions can only be

fully known to scientific specialists,

No technical training is necessary,

however, in order to be able to ap-

preciate the beauty of Lord Arm-

they will be of immense service to

ing to unravel the mysteries of elect-

"Blind Tom's" Cabin, ..

He

"Blind Tom" is but a memory to

day in the great Klondike region, but

his claim, known to-day throughout

the world by his name, is among the

was among those daring men who first

struck into unknown mountains, each

carrying his provisions, his blanket

axe and rifle to force a way through

well-nigh impenetrable forest, to scale

the lake a few weeks after he was pho-

tographed; that is a part of the game

wherewith every prospector is famil

lar. The man who fears death should

avoid prospecting. Behind him is his

cabin, such a one as every miner builds

when he settles to the development of

a claim. The grey logs are chinked

with moss and mud and the shingle

roof shines like silver in the sun.

There is a pool of cool blue shadow

under the stoop, and at the back there

is a chimney of wattle and clay. The

pines are swaying in the wind over-

head against the cloudless sky; the

scent of the woods is an overpowering

"Then, proud beauty, you refuse my

"Well," said the summer girl

A STATE BLOWS

thoughtfully, "I don't know but that

might be willing to take an option ou

t."-Indianapolic Journal.

love?" said he.

richest in the new gold region.

rical action. .

The Windsor Magazine, of London,

#### TIMOROUS TOMMY.

Just list a moment and I will tell Of a strange adventure that befell A timid youngster I knew quite well-Young Timerous Tommy of Glenwood Dell. Just out of the dell, half up the hill, There stood a towering, tall wind mill;

And still beyond stood a cottage small. Where lived a lad named Timothy Hall,
A playmare of Timorous Tommy.

One night young Tommy essayed to go To Timothy's house, for a call, you know-the thin, new moon, with its faint, pale lighted the objects on earth below.

As Timorous Tom stole up the road. Toward the cottage small, where his friend abode. His heart grew sick with a nameless

He felt some danger was lurking near-Apprehensive Timorous Tommy.

Then, what do you think? Alack! alack! A terrible thing stood in his track; Twas tall and shadowy and weird and black.

And its waving arms seemed warning him While there came a grinding, munching

As though the creature were eating boys.

Mith a cry of terror he turned and fled, and down the road to his home he sped-Poor terrified Timorous Tommy. He trod that road the following day, and then discovered, to his dismay,

That the creature, flerce, that blocked his And led him such terror to display,

Was naught but the busy, long-armed That clanked and creaked, as with hearty will

It labored all day and turned all night Innocent of all intent to fright This trembling Timorous Tommy.
-Arthur J. Burdick.

#### CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

The grip of famine was over the land All through June, July and August, the ought-to-be wet months, no rain had fallen in Upper India. The crops had ,and the people starving. In India, when the rains fall much the same state of things occurs as that about which we read in the book of Genesis of Jacob and his sons suffering. There are such millions of people, very, very poor, almost all living on grain and grain food, with little or no meat.

So it was a very sad camp life that Bobbie and his parents started on, that October. His father was a magistrate and all the cold weather he had to move about all over his district, and look after the people generally. This camp life, this moving nearly every day to a new green, shady grove, Bob by always looked forward to. But this year was to be his last in tents. Bob to was growing too old to be kep with safety out in India any longer Next month he was to be sent home across the seas to grandmamma.

So altogether it was rather a sac camping out. The country looked as wretched, all bare and parched, and the people in the villages too miserable for words. They were more like skeleton than human beings, and, as they work hardly any clothes, you could almos see their bones coming through their skin. It made Bobbie feel quite miser able to meet them.

One day he sat eating his breakfas outside the tent, under the shadow o half-naked children came slowly wan dering across from the native village of mud huts near by; such wretched looking little objects, their faces al big black eyes, their legs and arms al bones. There were three of them-two tiny toddlers and an elder boy. They Yet they were patient and dumb; they did not cry and beg. Bobbie could no stand their mute appeal. He jumper with all his food piled on the plate The little ones hardly realized what he meant; but the elder boy snatched the plate eagerly. Bobbie thought he way going to eat it all himself. But no This good little elder brother turned to like hungry puppies, and not till the thad eaten it nearly all did he touch a morsel himself.

In the evening, at Bobbie's suppe time, the children, emboldened by their success, drew near again, and the sam performance was repeated.

"Oh, Bobbie!" said the mother, "it's all very well, but remember we canno possibly feed all the children who ar starving round.'

Bobbbe. "We move away from here to

crept up agait. But their brother wa Having no pencil of her own, she pick man crying for water I remembered it. father, brought them, and then stoo to a pad used for writing. At once she couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought at a distance, and they toddled up t moistened the lead with her tongue Bobbie alone, holding out their hand and began to write. beseechingly.

"Ask him where the big boy is, said Bobble to his mother, standin had just been used by an old man, rag was ready."-Youth's Companion. The father shook his head and began

to weep.

too weak for want of food to live. Hal woman flung the pencil away, but I the village has died these last fer was after she had already used it. weeks. But his highness the little sa left me by feeding them. For to-mor row the government opens the relie incomuch as dangerous disease work near the great city, and I go to been known to be conveyed in that work and get money to buy food." yay into the system.

Mother this time made no demun With her own hands she fed the starv ing mites and the father himself wal not forgotten.

away in England with gradmamm: from the beautiful things of the world when his parents once more came an some skilled surgeon should give back camped by the mangro grove. Ther to you your sight, wouldn't you have was once again comparative plent some marvelous experiences? An old among such inhabitants of the villag man who had been born blind had his been building a bridge over the gres started violently and was afraid of the river and making a road, and there has strange things around him, the huge-

There was more money to be earne that day by the villagers, too. Fo are they?" asked the physicians.
the magistrate had news of a tige "I think they are teacups," was the afoot in the great thick jungle acros reply. the stream. So he got up a shootin party. He sent for his friends, the he knew what it was, probably because other European officials of the district he heard it tick. Later, on seeing the to come with their elephants, and or flame of a lamp, he tried to pick it up dered out all the villagers to come an not having the slightest idea of its

At early dawn next day che and the party set out. On each elephant rode a sportsman, but on the last, along with her husband, rode Bobbie's mother, eager to see a tiger slain. It was too dull, now her boy was gone, to be left behind in the camp all alone.

Such a jiggle joggle! Nashiban, the magistrate's elephant, a well-bred and wise old beast, rocked to and fro from her lumbering walk like a ship at sea. Mother had hard work to keep her white umbrella from thrusting off father's big white sun hat. It was very hot, as they proceeded slowly across the plain, and mother longed to reach the shade of the thick jungle; but there was the river to be crossed first, a deer sluggish stream, flowing stealthily along over its sandy bed.

Three of the elephants had waded safely across, and Nashiban had nearly reached the further bank when for some reason or another she got out of the straight line and walked into a dangerous quicksand. First one foot then the other, sank down as fast as she tried to find a firm footing. She staggered and stumbled, and father and mother were in terror of being pitched off. The cowardly mahout, or driver, had slipped off the elephant's neck at the first sign of danger, and half swarp and half walked ashore. But to get out of the howdah was no easy matter, especially as the animal's hind legs were sinking up to her hocks, and her back was an inclined plane. From the safe shore the natives

shouted, encouraged, implored. But the elephant is the wisest of beasts, and she hit upon a device to save her bad hurriedly dug out rifle pits to self from being sucked in-but a horrible protect themselves from the Federal

Her carling trunk came whirling Feds were lying up to the very edge over her back. It snatched off father's sun hat, mother's white umbrella, and flung them down at her feet, where she tramp'ed on them to gain a firm foothold another moment it would have snatch- tention to him, one way or the othed off helpless father and mother and er. made use of them, when a warning cry

came from the bank. Ere Bobbie's parents quite realized their imminent danger or had time to slip out of the howdah beyond reach of the trunk, a native bearing a big bundle of hastily cut grass and branches plunged into the water, and brought it to the elephant, who, seizing it in her trun, laid it at her feet, and with its helf struggled safely on to dry land.

The native was the father of the lit tle children Robbie had fed .- Little Folks.

Herrmann's Great Trick.

The New York Herald has published an account of the way Herrmann, the great magician, did his marvelous trick of catching bullets fired at him from the guns of six National Guardsmen.

Mr. Herrmann stood on the stage holding a silver plate in his hand, ten soldiers shot straight at him, and he caught the bullets on the plate.

The bullets were marked before they were shot and examined afterwards, to make sure they were the same, and that Herrmann had not substituted

The way the trick was done was this: The sergeant of the firing party was These he took to his captain and officers, who were in the audience, to see that the trick was fairly performed. The officers marked the bullets, returned them to the sergeant, who handed once on the other side, threw himself: them to the men.

stood at a little distance and watches boby eat his nice breakfast, with: ravenous look like starving animals a false bottom, and as he held it up a spring let the six real bullets fall into the sufferer's trembling hands.

The but broke a sumac bush, then to be rewarded it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

The but broke a sumac bush, then the fields and torrents, and to be rewarded it in the sufferer's trembling hands. brought up six other bullets that look off his chair and ran towards then ed like the real ones, but which were made of plumbago and mercury. These bullets were so constructed that the firing caused them to melt and disappear. So the soldiers never really shot

bullets at Herrmann at all. the others with it. They grabbed i guns the silver plate was taken off the had gone, crawling amid a hallstorm stage for a moment, the real bullets of bullets. When he reached the edge heated, and the spring arranged so that of the pit he called out to his comrades Herrmann could produce the six reat to clear the way for him, and with a the shots had been fired.

## A Practice to Avoid.

The practice of wetting a lead penci on the tongue before using it is an unclean habit, to say the least, and per arving round." haps also a dangerous one, says the "Just this one lot, mother," pleader Medical Review.

Recently a woman of fine bearing morrow. And he is such a kind little and elegantly dressed stepped into the She read it to me out of the Bible, brother!"

brother!"

And he is such a kind little and elegantly dressed stepped into the She read it to me out of the Bible, counting room of one of the papers of and she taught it to me until I never At breakfast time next day the large city to insert an advertisement could forget it. When I heard that not with them. A man, evidently thei ed up one that was tied with a string

An elderly woman who was standing by reminded her that the penci ged and dirty, greasy and filthy, who also had contracted the same habit o wetting the pencil on his tongue every "The boy dled in the night. He wa time he wrote a word. The disguster

The habit is a foolish one. Instead hib" (meaning Bobbie) "has spared m of making the pencil write more freely these only two of my children who an and easily, it hardens it and make it write irregularly. It is a bad habit

## When the Blind See.

Supposing you had been born blind Months passed by. Bobbie was fall and after living many years shut ou as were left. The government ha signt thus restored to him. At first he been money earned and money mear ness of his room and its contents. One of the first things he saw at the window was a flock of sparrows.

> A watch was then shown to him, and nature

If you would be sucwhatever you may do, Remember dismal, dreary looks
Will never help you
through;
But a cheerful, kindly temper Will be of much avail. For a smiling face will oft succeed
Where a frowning one will fail,

Mind you that! smiling face will oft succeed Where a frowning one will fail.

A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story: "It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men

of those pits. "In one of those pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was Round came the cruel trunk a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reagair in search of fresh material. In liable fighter. We never paid much at-

sharpshooters, and dead and dving

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle-pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he called out:

"'I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm goin' to take that poor feller my canteen.'

"For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

"'Water! water! Just one drop for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop.

"The tender-hearted boy could stand given the silver plate, and told to put the appeal no longer. Once, twice, the bullets that were to be used on it three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and flat upon the ground and crawled to-When the sergeant got back to the ward his dying foe. He could not get stage he had to hold the plate up in the close to him because of the terrible air, that every one might see the bul fire, but broke a sumac bush, tied to

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never anything like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He on-While the soldiers were loading thei ly smiled happily and returned as he mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

" 'How could you do it?' I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"'It was something I thought of," he said, simply, 'Something my mother used to say to me. "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," she said, The words stood still in my head. I they meant me-and I went. That's

"This was the reason why the boy

## Women as Piano Tuners.

With children, as with adults, what ground is covered with tangles of wild they possess ought to be recognized as fruit all in blossom, squirrels dart being absolutely their own. But this here and there; beyond you hear the is very far from being the case. Some- linkle of running water, while the times a grown-up person has need of some article belonging to a child or incense almost compelling sleep. wishes it to be given to some other child, and the rightful owner is so coaxed and blamed and shamed as to be actually compelled to give up the article. In some cases it is taken without asking.

No grown person would be treated thus, and no child ought to be, nor would be, by any caretaker who could enter sympathetically into the feelings of the child

One ought to respect the rights of property where children are concerned as scrupulously as with grown people; and when this is intelligently done, the children themselves soon learn to recognize these rights with one another, and quarrels between them are reduced to a minimum. But if, on the other hand, the child's own rights are ruthlessly trampeled upon by those whom he is taught to consider his infallible teachers, it is only natural that he, in his turn, should learn to trample as ruthlessly on the rights of others .-Philadelphia Ledger,

OUR BOYS.

Make Them Comfortable at Home by Rooms of Their Own

A room of her own is a customary privilege with girls at home, while the toy of the house, even under the same roof, has what might be termed only "bed and board." He ought to have a place he can call his own, furnished after his own tastes—or at least after good taste, suitable for growing, joily, fun-loving boyhood.

Maternity fun-loving boyhood.

In it should be places for all his loved possessions, his bats and balls, marbles and games, shelves for books and a neat writing outfit with plenty of white paper, it's cheap enough in these days, and his inclinations should be regarded, and any inherent tendencles for special work encouarged to the utmost.

Does he like to handle tools? See that he has them. Encourage him to gather them, paying him for certain labor about the farm to enable him to do this with his own money, if necessary. He will enjoy their possession the more. Does he love music? Strive to secure an instrument he likes and let him master his own voice and sing with the family or the girls. Music hath power, not only to soothe the savage breast, but to refine and soften the rougher elements and boisterous nature of the average boy, to his lasting benefit. Does he like natural history The study of birds and flowers? The grass of the fields, the insects of the air, the leaves of the trees, the life of the woods and meadows? Then thank God for it and aid the efforts he may make to the end of better facilities for knowing the wonders of Nature which lie so near to his hand in his everydan life and occupations. See that he gets a microscope a good power of enlargement. Nothing in all the world of wonders but may become more wonderful by the added knowledge possible in its use. The drop of water under a magnifying glass instantly as-sumes a fascinating field of study and interest, an ocean teeming with myriad life and vegetation. The commonest flower beneath the magic of this larger vision offers hours of pleasant investigation and study. Stretched at length on the summer ground by-and-by he may, with this marvel of human ingenuity, observe the more than human ingenuity of the tiny ants, and discover strange things, especially if a good natural history is at hand, as it should be by all means.

Does your boy complain that country life is dull for him? If so, do you ever ask yourself the question, "Is it my fault?"

It will readily be understood that the significance of the differences in When I suggest that a room be fitted the character of the electric streams up especially for the boy or boys-1 hope there is more than one by the way-do not conjure an expensive outfit and furnishings. Not at all. I will venture the statement that home-made things will be more truly appreciated for in providing them you show a perstrong's pictures, or to realise that sonal interest in the welfare of your boy, which is more to him, even though other investigators who are endeavorhe hardly realizes the fact, than gilded polish and silken covers.

The more the boy himself is permitted to contribute toward the completeness of his "den," the better. If a twofoot border can be painted all around the sides of the room, put a rug, even a simple square of carpet on the floor. If tacked down, see that a heavy layer of newspaper is beneath to make it warm and noiseless to the feet. the dominant influence in the house-

From a clean packing case a book case of shelves may be easily construct- ausband inquired timidly: Brightly-colored print cloth may be used to drape or tack over all, with a nice new bonnet, or something of that was ultimately purchased by the brass-headed nails. Heavy picture cord kind?"

will answer to hang it up by; or, bet"I suppose," she replied indignantly, before, exhibited "Missing" in the ter, it may be set on another similar "that case fitted with shelves and pigeon one of those women who are won to holes, for the numerous outfits dear amiability by gifts of wearing apparto a boy's heart. Ample room for books should be provided and filled Books of the best class are comparatish suggestion, I assure you. tively cheap now, and to the boy whe will learn to love good reading, all things are possible.

in the morning, and open the window confess my own, I did not intend any and close his door in leaving the room reflection of any kind. I simply Don't think such a daily care belongs thought I'd like to have you go and orexclusively to the mother or sister der a bonnet or a dress or something The more of the little homely duties because it would make me feel so kind the boy does, the better. I have no of important to pay the bill."—Wash-fears for his manhood, because, for lington Star. sooth, he may put on his sister's apror and help his tired mother wash dishes! Not a bit of it. When he has done it and his mother smiles gratefully in appreciation, there's a stone laid in the building of a generous, broad-minded der from a great mine-owning company

There are seasons with all of us when we want to be alone. And we all ought to have a place sacred to individualism. What Tom keeps in his room should be beyond interference by others. In too many homes the "woman's rights" are better protected than the boy's rights! Let's give him a chance to become independent. him a "place for everything," and then in all justice may you require that he keeps everything in its place Throwing things 'round is more than natural to him, if he sees that no one respects his belongings, and moves them from one place to another, (sometimes with a sharp word,) as the day's duties proceed.

Do something in this matter if you have a boy, who, through thoughtlessness on the part of others, has no room of his very own and hence no room to grow. Boys need more sympathy and attention than most them get. I've been a boy myself, and speak from experience.

Give your boy a room of his own and gote the improvement.

His Own Sled.

Would you believe it, a dog coasting down hill all alone? The story is that the wonderful person who lives in Boston, and calls himself the Listener, was driving in the country. He came to a hill, and there he saw a dog, whose name was Nep, turn over on his back and coast down the hill. When he reached the bottom, he would turn over, get on his feet, trot to the tor of the hill, turn over on his back, and coast down again. The Listener saw the dog do this severeal times, evidently having a most delightful time.

The first American express was between New York and Boston, 1821.

WHY SO MANY WOMEN ARE CHILDLESS

A Problem That Has Puzzled Physicians for Centuries

DEPRODUCTION is a law of nature, and no picture of joy and happiness can equal that of the vigorous mother and her sturdy child. Nature makes but few mistakes, and every thoughtful person must admit that a cause exists why so many women are

childless. The subject baffles the theories of physicians. Such cases are curable nine times out of ten. as evidenced by thousands of letters on file at Mrs. Pinkham's office. Many a darling baby owes its existence to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and the Vegetable Compound. This is not to be wondered at when such testimony as the following explains itself.

"I have taken three bottles of your Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills; and now I have a dear little babe four weeks old, and I am well. I have to thank you for this. "I have spent \$200

for doctors' bills with-

out obtaining any relief. For my cure I only spent \$5. I had been a victim of female troubles in their worst form; suffered untold agonies every month; had to stay in bed, and had poultices applied and then could not stand the pain. "My physician told me I would never be a mother. I had bladder trouble, backache, catarrh of the stomach, hysteria, heart trouble,

fainting spells. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?" Mrs. Geo. C. Kirchner, 372 Belmont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Such frank, straightforward testimony as this should dispel all doubt, if you are ill, you owe yourself the chance that the com

pound will cure you. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

LYNN, MASS. 

A Modest Petition. Mr. Meekton's wife had been unusually emphatic in asserting herself as

hold. When she came to a pause her

"No, indeed! It was entirely a sel-"I am to infer, then, that my appear-

ance does not please you?" "Not at all. Every man has his lit-Let him throw back his bedclother the vanities, and I do not hesitate to

> Wanted, Fifty Rats. One day not long ago a San Francisco hardware company received an or-

> like this: "Send, without delay, 50 rats to the Utica mine."

> There was consternation at once. What could it mean? Was it a joke? If it wasa't, how was a hardware company to get 50 rats?

> But it was a serious order, and that night a dozen or more men went into the basement of the store and prepared a rat banquet of cheese and bacon in one of the rooms. When the rats, big and little, came inside the door was quietly closed and the rats were trapped. Then they were boxed up and sent away.

Rats are needed in the mines to eat up refuse food or other matter that would decompose, and the great Utica mine's previous colony was suffocated at the recent fire. That is why the San Fancisco firm received its queer order and promptly filled it.

Lady Butler.

Lady Butler, who is now the foremost among women artists in England, made her first great success as Miss Elizabeth Thompson when, in 1874, her picture, the "Roll Call," cre-"Henrietta, would you like to have ated a sensation in the Academy, and



that placed her at a bound in the front rank of artists, where she has ever since remained. Among her other celebrated pictures may be mentioned "Balaclava," "Inkerman," "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," "Floreat Etona," "The Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo," "Evicted," and several other battle-pieces, all of which are handled with wonderful strength and vividness of detail. In 1877 Miss Thompson was married to Major-General Sir William Francis Butler. As a girl, Lady Butler spent some years in Italy and studied art in Florence. She also atended the Kensington School of Art. Her sister, Mrs. Meynell, is the well-known poet and

# Dangerous

Lard at its best is unwholesome, indigestible. It makes food shortened with it soft and greasy. At its worst, it is unhealthful and filled with dangerous bacteria. It is condemned by every medical and culinary authority.

Every food scientist agrees that vegetable oil is nutritive, digestible, and free from disease germs.

is composed mainly of refined vegetable oil. It is nutritious and palatable. Food shortened with or fried in it can be eaten by anyone without harmful results. The genuine is sold everywhere in one to ten pound yellow tins, with our trade marks—"Cottolene" and eteer's head in cotton-plant ereath-on every tin. Not guaranteed if sold in any other way. Made only by

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